

## Impossible by prettyboiiharringrove

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**Summary:**

bianatorres1 — So I have about a millionion ABO Harringrove requests, but I guess I'll go one at a time #1) Can we go back to your idea of Billy getting pregnant when he thought he was infertile

## Impossible

Billy doesn't believe it at first. Doctor after doctor told him his chances were slim, and he remembers the exact moment it went from unlikely to impossible. He remembers crying into Steve's chest and his entire body aching with tension and heartbreak. He wasn't even sure if he wanted them until he was told he couldn't have them.

He remembers feeling like a failure. He doesn't look like an omega should, doesn't act like one should, and now he can't even give Steve kids. Just put a sticker on him that says defective and put him in the clearance aisle, because there's no way Steve Harrington, the kindest, prettiest alpha who's goofy and stupid in that oddly charming way would want someone so broken.

Later he realizes how stupid that is, that Steve already chose him despite being broken, or maybe *because* he's broken, and that if they wanted a family they would figure it out. They were still kids when they found out. They had plenty of time to come up with a plan.

Now, it's different. Billy had just gotten off the phone with a nurse, having gone to the doctor while Steve was at work a few days prior. He was feeling shitty and couldn't figure out what the fuck was wrong, and he's an adult now with health insurance instead of a dad who told him to suck it up, so why the fuck not ??

There was nothing outwardly wrong with him so they took some blood and did some tests, and then he got a call with some news. He's been going to the same doctor for a while, ever since he moved and got his new job, so it's no surprise that the sweet nurse, Stefanie, that Billy always chats to is happy to give him the news over the phone.

He doesn't believe it, has to catch his phone in his other hand because he fumbles it in shock.

Pregnant. He's actually fucking pregnant.

He's not convinced when he hears it, too scared to feel anything but confused. He knows they close early on Wednesdays, but he begs her to just wait a few extra minutes so he can see the results in person, so

it can feel real.

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When Steve gets home, Billy isn't there. He sees some things that have been knocked over, their mail, a broken plate and a broken glass that was probably full of water considering the puddle it's in. The most disturbing thing is Billy's phone left on the counter.

He calls Hopper, Joyce, and Max to see if they've heard from him, and each 'no' he gets fills him with panic. Hopper has to talk him out of forming a search party, says he'll look into it if he goes missing for too long but to stay the fuck home. Steve obviously doesn't like that idea, but he listens, distracts himself by cleaning the mess and getting started on dinner.

Billy comes stumbling through the front door as if he's drunk. Steve can't smell it in his scent, so he knows that's not the case, but because of this, seeing Billy doesn't comfort him the way it should.

"Jesus, where the fuck were you??" Steve rushes over to him, gathering him in his arms and pulling him into a bone crushing hug. Billy doesn't mess with him or try to bat him away like he normally would, and that gives his anxiety yet another thing to fixate on.

"Doctor," Billy chokes out, and Steve feels like his heart stops.

"What's wrong?" He holds Billy tighter, pulls him flush against him, and inhales deep. Can't smell illness, so either someone else is hurt or this is something worse, something bone deep that you can't catch as easily.

"Baby," Billy starts, and it's only then that he notices just how badly Billy is trembling.

"Yeah, I'm right here. Just tell me, okay ?? Whatever it is, we'll figure it out."

"No. *Baby*," he tells him with more bite, and Steve can tell he's distraught, but he really has no fucking clue what he's getting at. Is he just supposed to guess ?? That's hardly fair.

“Seriously, I’m gonna need you to talk to me, you’re starting to scare me.”

Billy swallows hard, desperately trying to form intelligible sentences while fighting past his own shock.

“We’re having a baby,” he admits, finally looking up at Steve with glazed over, fearful eyes.

Steve chokes. Honest to god inhales his own spit from the surprise and starts hacking up a lung. Billy lets him, gently patting his back in an attempt to both help Steve and distract himself.

Once he’s calmed down, Steve looks at him with wide, hopeful eyes.

“Seriously?!” and now he finally understands why Billy was struggling so badly to string words together.

“I’m pregnant. Found out today. Had to go in person b-because...I didn’t believe it,” Billy’s voice is shaky, like it used to be when they had first started dating and things would get too heavy, when he was still waiting for the other shoe to drop.

Steve chews at his lip before brushing his lips against Billy’s in a feather light but deeply comforting kiss. He pulls Billy close to him again, finally recovering from his coughing fit and shock in order to comfort Billy, who is clearly in a worse state than he is.

“Hey, this is good, right?”

“Is it ??” at first Steve is a bit taken aback, thinking that maybe Billy is upset, that he doesn’t want kids, but then he looks in those ocean eyes and knows that he’s looking for permission to be happy.

“I think it’s *really* good,” Steve tells him honestly, offering a gentle smile. Billy doesn’t need Steve’s permission to be honest about his feelings, not in the sense that Steve has made it a rule, but Billy will probably always tread carefully and simultaneously crave Steve’s approval.

He lets out a breath, still trembling as he clings to Steve, but considerably more relaxed.

“Doesn’t feel real,” Billy admits, burying his head in Steve’s chest, suddenly overwhelmed by all the things he wasn’t letting himself feel.

“It’s real, we’re having a baby,” Steve kisses the top of his head, feels Billy shake with a sob. He hasn’t cried this much since the day he moved out of Neil’s place.

“We’re gonna be dads,” Billy whispers, and Steve may not be able to see him, but he can hear the watery smile. This time, when faced with ‘impossible’ it’s not monsters, or evil parents, or magical girls with a surprisingly high kill count, but a family. Impossible, for the first time in a long time, was something they were happy to redefine.

“Yeah, we are,” Steve feels his own tears start to fall.

This is everything they’ve ever dreamed of.